

THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG
HOLINESS TO THE LORD.
LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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NO. 16.

CHASED BY FIRE.

DR. EMIL HOLUB was one of the most enthusiastic of African travelers. After years of hopeful and patient waiting for the opportunity, he was able, in 1872, to leave Europe for the southern portion of the Dark Continent. During the voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, he was washed

to prevent his penetrating the jungle. At Fauresmith, between Port Elizabeth and the Diamond Fields, he found himself without money or acquaintances, with his clothes in tatters and his feet nearly bare. But like all the other heroic men who have risked their lives in the cause of African exploration,



A POWDER WAGON PURSUED BY FIRE.

overboard by a heavy sea and well-nigh drowned; but by the prompt action of the sailors and by his own exertions he was at length rescued.

After he landed, disasters pursued him until it seemed as if the genii of that mysterious and gloomy land were determined

Holub was so firmly set upon his purpose that no loss, pain nor difficulty could stay his zeal; and soon he had the dangerous pleasure of entering those wilds which proved his home during the greater part of the ensuing seven years.

One of his many providential escapes was from death by

fire upon one of the plains of Southern Africa. Indeed his entire expedition narrowly missed annihilation.

The Damara herdsmen are accustomed to set fire to the dry grass—as is the practice with the American natives—in order to hasten the growth of a fresh pasturage for their cattle. Often the flames spread from the grass to the dense jungles of low brush, and woe betide the living creature caught within the blazing lines! Holub had often observed these fires at a distance, and had grown to have little fear of them. But one day he observed a thick cloud rising from the horizon and rapidly approaching his little caravan. This cloud soon proved to be a mass of smoke, under which the grass and brush were one sheet of flame, traveling towards the expedition with incredible swiftness. It was at once necessary to find some extensive bare hillock, before the caravan could be overtaken; for the wagon contained thousands of cartridges, hundreds of pounds of gunpowder and a quantity of spirits. These combustibles already heated by the sun would not bear the proximity of any additional warmth. Fortunately the doctor espied an elevation at a little distance; and to reach this with his party he strained every nerve.

The circumstances of the escape are thus narrated by Holub:

"With all his might Boly cracked his whip and shouted vigorously, and succeeded in making the oxen drag the wagon with unexpected speed; they were all flecked with foam as they pulled their oscillating load behind them; every moment it seemed as if it must overbalance. At the bottom of the hollow it was absolutely necessary to take a rest; the beasts must have time to recover from their exertions; they were all more or less torn by the bushes, and my friends, too, were much scratched about the hands and face. The heat was becoming intense. My horse was not naturally a nervous animal, but it trembled till it could hardly stand, and the hardest part of our struggle had yet to come.

"A flake of fire fell within fifteen yards of us, and warned us it was time to be on the move. 'Hulloh an! Hulloh an!' roared the driver, and the bullocks once again strained themselves to their work. Scarcely, however, had they gone ten paces when the smoke puffed against their eyes, and all bewildered, they swerved into a track where the wagon must inevitably have been overturned; it was a critical moment, but happily one of my party, who was walking at my side, saw the danger, and, rushing at the heads of the leaders, turned them by a desperate effort into the right direction. The instinct of self-preservation now redoubled every one's efforts; onwards we pushed, through clouds of smoke, amidst falling ashes, amongst fragments of red-hot bark, till we were within fifty yards of the place of safety. So heated was the atmosphere that I momentarily expected to see the canvas of the wagon break out into a blaze.

"The bullocks once more gasped and tottered beneath their yoke; with painful toil they made their way for another thirty yards; it was doubtful whether they could accomplish the remaining twenty.

"One more moment of rest, followed by one more frantic paroxysm of exertion, and all was safe! Just in time we reached the hill that overlooked a hollow, beyond which was the expanse of black burnt grass. I ungirthed my horse, my people all flung themselves exhausted on the ground; their faces were crimson with heat; their limbs were bruised by their frequent falls; their eyes seemed starting from their sockets. Poor Pitt, who had scrambled along with the front oxen, had his shirt torn from his back, and his chest was smeared with

blood from many a wound, but fortunately none that was very deep."

NEJNE.

DENYING HIS GOD.

BY KENNON.

NEARLY forty years ago an intelligent and pious young Scotchman named John Lamont was a working miner at Rumford, a village a little more than a score of miles from Edinburgh. He was an elder of the Free Kirk and was marked as a shining religious light among his associates.

The old minister of the kirk having departed, two clergymen presented themselves, desiring the vacant pulpit. One was an experienced and somewhat arrogant preacher—a worldly aristocrat, by the name of Boyd; the other, a much younger man, while newer to his calling, was more talented besides being gentle and courteous to the poor. Boyd secured the place by means which were decidedly selfish and unfair, and John Lamont boldly declared to the minister's face that he, as an elder of the kirk, reprobated the procedure and would not attend the installation services on the succeeding Sabbath day.

The next morning at Rumford, two miners John Simpson and James Allen, who were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, were surrounded by a crowd of their fellow-villagers of all creeds and no creed, and their holy religion was ridiculed and assailed by Presbyterian, Catholic, Evangelist, and Methodist alike. John Lamont approached the group and learning the cause of the commotion, reproached his own brother James, one Roughhead, the Methodist lay preacher, and others of his friends, with their unfairness.

"If you had all been Methodists, or all Free Kirk men, or all Catholics, I wouldn't care," he said, "for then it would be only one religion against another. But your own creeds differ as much as do sunlight and darkness, while you all are uniting to abuse these two Mormons." Roughhead took umbrage at this expression, and said sharply:

"There's no such difference in our creed. We all believe in Jesus Christ."

"Well," replied Lamont, "perhaps these men also believe on Him. But that's not to the question. You know that there are many vital points of difference between your church and ours."

Roughhead still disputing this assertion, Lamont turned to his brother, a Free Kirk man:

"Jimmy, do you believe that man is a free agent?"

"No."

Turning to a Methodist, John Lamont asked:

"Sandy, do you believe that man is a free agent?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"There," said Lamont to Roughhead, "is one essential variance about which you might debate until doomsday."

Resuming, he asked.

"Sandy, do you believe that God has already elected who shall be saved and has irrevocably doomed the millions who shall be damned?"

"Hoot, mon!" said Sandy, "No."

"Jimmy, do you believe it?"

"Sure I do," Lamont's brother answered.

From this opening he progressed to other points, his skill in disputation and his local eminence enforcing the attention

of the miners, until the objects of the original attack were forgotten. In the warmth of the debate and his subsequent victory, Lamont scored some telling blows against his opponents, even the Free Kirk itself receiving an occasional indirect touch.

Roughhead, who was a miner, was angered at the interposition of the young man, whom he had long regarded as a rival in the esteem of their fellow-workmen. So he said in a taunting way:

"Johnny, I think you're a Mormon, yourself."

"What!" cried Lamont indignantly, "I be a Mormon? I'll deny my God, before I'll be a Mormon!"

The next night, Friday, Lamont was sitting by his fireside, reading the Bible, as was his wont, when David Adamson and Joseph Hunter, two Elders of the "Mormon" Church, called at his house. They thanked him with much earnestness for having protected their brethren from abuse, and congratulated him upon his success in silencing his opponents. In conclusion they asked him if he would accept and read a tract.

Lamont had little interest in the new faith. He had only heard one sermon and that upon "Pre-existence of Spirits, a subject which did not so particularly enchain his attention as some more simple principle might have done; and even this had passed from his mind.

But he promised to read a tract, and the elders left with him the first part of Apostle Orson Pratt's "Kingdom of God"—the subject being "God An Organized Being."

When the brethren had departed, the young Free Kirk elder carefully perused the little pamphlet and was startled by its contents.

He read it again and then remarked to his wife:

"Ann, that's the strangest book I ever saw."

"What's in it?" Mrs. Lamont asked.

"It says that God is a material being."

Somewhat shocked by such a doctrine, the wife answered, with Scotch quaintness:

"It's a new God they've gotten."

That night John Lamont prayed for light and yet he felt as if the God of the Free Kirk, to whom he addressed his petition, was a nonentity.

After he went to bed he failed to find sleep, so he arose and once more reviewed the tract.

On the following Sunday morning as he was sitting by his door searching the scriptures the two "Mormon" elders passed on their way to meeting. They stopped and inquired:

"Do you not go to kirk, Mr. Lamont?"

"Usually I do," he replied, "but I've had a dispute with the minister and I've vowed not to go this day."

"Then you might come and hear us."

Nothing loath, and hoping to hear something more about the startling doctrine enunciated in the tract, he accepted the invitation.

But the discourse, a most powerful one, proved to be upon the first principles of the gospel. It carried conviction to his soul, and after the meeting he demanded baptism. His request was complied with, the ordinances of baptism and confirmation being administered the next night.

The news of his conversion spread like wildfire through the village and at the mine, and great was the amazement that John Lamont, the bright young Free Kirk elder, should have been converted to the reviled faith.

On the morning following his baptism, John went to his work, not without some wonder regarding the reception he

would receive from his associates. He had no fear, however, for he felt proud and happy in the knowledge of the truth.

After reaching the mine, all at once he fell to trembling, for he saw Roughhead approaching with exultation in his glance.

Now, John felt no shame regarding his baptism, and, having treasured the Sunday sermon in his heart, he felt quite able to defend the doctrine of immersion by scripture and reason; but he had suddenly recalled his own words, "I'll deny my God, before I'll be a Mormon," and he knew that Roughhead was coming to confound him out of his own mouth.

As soon as they met, in presence of other miners all agog for the encounter, Roughhead said:

"Well Johnny I hear you've joined the Mormons. How is it?"

"I've become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," replied Lamont.

"Ah, Johnny, I always took you to be a man of your word until now. Didn't you tell us you'd deny your God before you'd be a Mormon?"

In an instant the words of Apostle Pratt's tract seemed photographed upon his mind and he calmly answered.

"True, I did say so. But then my God was the God of the Free Kirk and the Methodist—a nonentity, a formless something or rather nothing, without body, parts or passions; and I have denied him. In the stead of that impossible being, I worship the only true and the living God of Israel, the great Creator who made man in His own image and after whose express likeness our Redeemer lived and moved among men."

Instead of Lamont's being dumbfounded and put to shame before his friends, it was Roughhead who now stammered and vainly sought words for reply.

Seeing the impression which he had made, the new convert poured forth a flood of scriptural eloquence. He had always been an enthusiastic student of the Holy Book, and now its words, hitherto only partially understood, came from his lips like a stream of living fire. He was helped by the inspiration of the Spirit and he quoted and explained passage after passage until his position was made absolutely and forever impregnable.

John Lamont always believes that a special Providence was exerted in his behalf: if he had not quarreled with his own minister, his duty would have carried him to the kirk instead of leaving him at liberty to listen to the gospel; and if he had not received and read the one particular tract, "God an Organized Being," out of his own mouth he would have been put to shame and confusion and the truth would have been ever after ridiculed in that village.

STUDY OF SELF.—Above all subjects study thine own self. For no knowledge that terminates in curiosity or speculation is comparable to that which is of use; and of all useful knowledge, that is most so, which consists in the due care, and just notions of ourselves. This study is a debt which every one owes to himself. Let us not then be so lavish, so unjust, as not to pay this debt, by spending some part at least, if we cannot all, or most of our time and care, upon that which has the most indefeasible claim to it. Govern your passions, manage your actions with prudence, and where false steps have been made, correct them for the future. Let nothing be allowed to grow headstrong and disorderly; but bring all under discipline. Set all your faults before your eyes, and pass sentence upon yourself, with the same severity as you would do upon another, for whom no partiality hath biased your judgment.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A CROW, one day, stole a nice bit of cheese,
And flew up in a tree to eat it at her ease.
A sly young fox, who was passing below,
Saw her as she flew, and he said, "Oh, ho!
Madam Crow,"

"What a fine bird you are, with your feathers so
gay!
As brilliant as the rainbow, and fairer than the day.
If your voice is as sweet as your form would show!
Then sing me a song; pray don't say 'No,'
Madam Crow."

The crow began her song, when down fell the cheese:
The fox sprang and caught it as quickly as you
please;
And as he trotted off, he said, "Oh, ho!
That is just what I wanted. I'll go,
Madam Crow."

A STORY ABOUT SQUIRRELS.

FREDDIE is a bright little boy six years old. He goes with his papa and mamma every summer to stay a few months at a nice place in the country. In front of the house, near the fence, stands a large elm-tree, which is the home of many little squirrels.

One day Freddie got his papa to build a small shelf on the tree, about four feet from the ground, so that he could put nuts on it to feed the squirrels. At first the little fellows were very shy, and would not come near the shelf, but sat on the branches of the tree; and we fancied that we heard them saying to each other, "Do you think that little boy would hurt us, if we should run down, and take one of those nuts?"

But, after a while, they came down, one by one, took the nuts, and went scampering up to the top branches; and in a few minutes down come the empty shells. They grew so tame before the summer was over, that if we put anything on their shelf, and took a seat a few steps away, they would come down quite boldly, and get their breakfast.

One day we put a small ear of sweet-corn on the shelf. Pretty soon a little squirrel came after it,

but it was too heavy for him: so he sat down on the shelf, as though quite at home, ate off about half of the kernels of corn, to make his burden lighter, and, after trying many times, finally got it up to his hiding-place. Presently we saw all the squirrels running to that part of the tree, and we thought he might be having a squirrel-party in his best parlor.

THE RHYMING GAME.

ANNA and Mary sit down to play the rhyming game. Anna thinks of a word, and then pronounces a different word that rhymes with it. Mary, in trying to guess the word that Anna is thinking of must not mention the words that rhyme with it, but must simply give a definition of them. An example will best show how the game is played:

"I have thought of a word that rhymes with 'sane.' Can you tell me what word I am thinking of?"

"Is it a native of Denmark?"

"No, it is not 'Dane,'"

"Is it a stick sometimes carried in walking?"

"No it is not 'cane.'"

"Is it the long hair on the neck of a lion or a horse?"

"No it is not 'mane.'"

"Is it the ocean?"

"No, it is not 'main.'"

"Is it water falling from the clouds?"

"No, it is not 'rain.'"

"Is it something earned?"

"No, it is not 'grain.'"

Is it a narrow road or passage?"

"No, it is not 'lane.'"

"Is it a spot?"

"No, it is not 'stain.'"

"Is it a suffering?"

"No, it is not 'pain.'"

"Is it a square of glass for a window?"

"Yes, it is 'pane.'"

More than two can play at this game; and then the one who suggests the right word must have the privilege of inventing a new word for the rest to guess. Among the words that may be used in this game are the following: "Cake," "care," "gate," "day," "dear," "pie," "fire," "kite," etc. You must find another word to rhyme with each of these in its order, and then let the other players put their questions according to the form above given.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHAT curiosities were exhibited in Kirtland, July 3, 1835? 2. What was afterwards done with them? 3. What did one of the rolls contain? 4. Where can we now find a translation of them? 5. When and where was the Book of Commandments approved and made a law of faith and practice to the Church? 6. Who presided at the assembly when this action was taken? 7. Where was Joseph and F. G. Williams at this time? 8. Who was made the first Church recorder? 9. When was he appointed? 10. What statement did Joseph make concerning the authority of the First Presidency over the Twelve? 11. When and before whom did he make this statement?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 14.

1. WHEN and where was the first High Council of the Church of Christ organized? A. In Kirtland, Ohio, February 17, 1834.

2. What command did Joseph receive from the Lord on the 24th of February, 1834? A. To raise the strength of His (the Lord's) house from the various branches of the Church, and go up to redeem Zion.

3. When did he commence to raise volunteers for that purpose? A. On the 26th of February, 1834.

4. When did a portion of the company begin their journey and what did it consist of? A. On the 1st of May, and it consisted of over twenty men and four baggage wagons.

5. When and where was the Church first named the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? A. At a conference held in Kirtland, May 3rd, 1834.

6. Why was "Latter-day Saints" added to the name? A. To distinguish it from the former-day church.

7. When did the Prophet leave Kirtland with the remainder of the company to join those who left on the 1st? A. On the 5th of May, 1834.

8. When was the company organized and what was the name given it? A. On May 7th, 1834, and was called "Zion's Camp."

9. When did it arrive in Liberty, Clay County, Missouri? A. On June 23rd of the same year.

10. When did Joseph start on his return journey to Kirtland? A. July 9th, 1834.

11. When and how was the principle of Tithing first introduced among the Saints? A. November

29, 1834, by Joseph Smith Jr. and O. Cowdery making a conditional covenant with the Lord that they would pay tithing.

DON'T EAT THE SKINS.

A GREAT many people I have observed eating fruit eat the skin of it, also. Their children eat it in the same manner, and seem never to have been taught the skin of fruit—be it apple, peach, pear, plum or grape—should never be eaten, especially if uncooked. Fruit skins are so difficult of digestion that there is probably not more than one stomach in a hundred capable of performing the difficult task. The skins are to fruit what shells are to nuts, hides to animals, and husks to grain. To oblige or allow a child to eat his apple or pear unpeeled is unkind and wrong; for it is no question of daintiness, but of health.

PERILS OF ICE-WATER.

No woman would think of cooling a cooking-stove when it is red-hot by throwing ice-water upon it; yet what people know would ruin a stove, they pour by the pint into their stomachs when it is in a state of intense activity, and at the highest point of chemical combustion. The cook who pours water upon her fire while she is getting dinner, knows that the potatoes in the pot will stop boiling, and the meat in the oven will not be fit for food. The same results from deluging the stomach with ice-water. The process of digestion will be arrested, and will not be resumed until the water is raised to the temperature required to carry it on again.

WORD PUZZLE.

1. Chained; 2. discovered; 3. a species of dog; 4. a hill; 5. a weight; 6. circular; 7. noise; 8. injury. Each word is formed of the same letters with the exception of the initial being changed for each.

THE following-named persons have answered the questions in No. 14: Heber Scowcroft, W. J. C. Mortimer, Avildia L. Page, Leone Rogers, Ada P. Minkler, S. Stark, T. S. Court, Mary E. Chandler, H. H. Blood.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 231.)

Monday, April 19, 1847.—At five o'clock this morning I arose at the sound of the bugle, my face still paining me dreadfully. After breakfast I took my rifle and started on ahead of the wagons. At 7:15 the wagons began to move and in less than a quarter of an hour they were all formed in double file and were proceeding on their journey. After traveling about eight miles we arrived at a place where were a number of small lakes, which bore upon their waters many ducks. Several of the brethren shot at the birds and killed a considerable number. Shortly after one o'clock we arrived at a bend in the river where a small stream runs around an island. We stopped here to feed. We traveled about fifteen miles, principally in a westerly course. The roads are very good and the country level on these bottom lands of the Platte River. The flat appears to be ten or fifteen miles wide.

Soon after the camp was formed, O. P. Rockwell, Jackson Redding and J. C. Little came in from Winter Quarters. They found Dr. Richards' mare which was lost east of the Elk Horn, and brought her to camp. They brought me a line from Diantha and a few words from Ruth and Margaret. In the note from Ruth and Margaret are some gentle expressions which have caused me to reflect seriously and which prove to me that during the past year they have been more attentive to duty than I myself have been. In the letter which I had sent to them I requested them to attend to family prayer in my absence, a sacred duty which I had sometimes neglected since leaving Nauvoo. In their answer they inform me that even when I was at home and failed to attend to family prayer, it had been their habit to always perform that duty unknown to me. They had then sought and would still seek, in their supplications, to bear me up before our Heavenly Father. Oh, what integrity! what faithfulness! I feel unworthy to possess such treasures; but I will endeavor to reward them for their goodness. May our Father in Heaven bless them and myself during my absence, that we may all be permitted to meet again and enjoy each other's society for many years upon this earth and eternally in the world to come. O, Lord; grant the prayer of Thy unworthy servant; fill my family with peace and union; open a way that they may have the necessities and comforts of life; let Thy Spirit brood over them; and Thy name shall have the praise. Amen!

I received by Porter some few fish hooks and lines, a ball of fish line and three pencils; but no small hooks nor knife nor wafers. At twenty minutes past three the wagons began to move again in the same order as this morning. I walked some this afternoon with O. Pratt. I suggested to him the idea of attaching a set of wooden cog wheels to the hub of a wagon wheel, in such order as to tell the exact number of miles we travel each day. He seemed to agree with me that it could be easily done at a trifling expense.

We traveled until six, p.m., when we arrived at a pretty open view of the Platte River, and the encampment was formed in a semi circle upon its banks. We have covered about twenty miles to-day, over a continuous, dry, level, sandy bottom. The river here appears to be about a mile

wide but very shoal. There is little timber where we are encamped and the water is quite muddy.

After the encampment was formed, I went to Brother Luke Johnson and asked him to draw my tooth, which has been paining me for a long time. While I was speaking to him Stephen Markham came up and wanted Luke to take his team and the *Revenue Cutter* (the leather boat) back about two miles, as they designed to draw in one of the lakes. Brother Johnson drives the team which draws the boat and he rides in the boat as in a wagon. I concluded that I would go and watch them fish and started out on foot. I overtook Markham and John S. Higbee, and in our conversation I mentioned to Brother Higbee the same idea which I had advanced to Elder Pratt, and he fully coincided with me. After arriving at the lake, they launched the boat and made three hauls. They only caught a snapping turtle, four small turtles, one duck, two little catfish and two creek suckers. They then concluded to return, and I started on foot again with two rifles to carry. I reached camp before they overtook me, and being extremely tired and very footsore I went to bed. But I had no rest on account of severe pains in my head and face.

Tuesday, April 20.—I arose at half past five still suffering. I ate but little breakfast although we had a couple of ducks and one snipe. We started out at 7:30 this morning. The weather was pleasant except for a strong west wind. Shortly after nine o'clock we arrived at Shell Creek, which is about six or eight feet wide with a very poor bridge. But we succeeded in getting all the wagons safely over. This was about five miles from where we camped last night. We then passed through a small grove of timber and once more entered upon the wide, open prairie. At half past eleven, we stopped by the side of a small lagoon to feed and lynch; we were now five miles from Shell Creek. While camped here three deer passed about half a mile west of the wagons. O. P. Rockwell and Thomas Brown mounted their horses and gave chase for about five miles but could not secure any venison. The wind has fallen and it is very warm and dusty. At 1 p.m. we again set out, the horse teams taking the lead. We traveled ten miles further and encamped near a cottonwood grove on the banks of the river. This was about half past five; and Brother Tanner's bellows and anvil were put in place and a number of wagon tires were set before dark.

John S. Higbee, Luke Johnson, S. Markham and some others had started with the boat and seine ahead of the camp about noon and went to a lake two miles beyond this place. They took over two hundred very nice fish and returned with them about the time the camp was formed. The fish were distributed according to the number of persons in each wagon, generally two to a wagon, and the camp enjoyed them very much at supper.

I went to the river and bathed my feet which were very dusty and sore. I also washed my socks as well as I could in cold water without soap. After Brother Luke Johnson had finished his distribution of fish, I again asked him to draw my tooth. He willingly consented and applied his instrument. But he only got half the tooth; and the part which was left in my jaw made me suffer more than before. I ate but little supper and then went to bed, but could not sleep for the pain until near morning. The night was very calm and pleasant.

(To be Continued.)

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER XII.

(Continued from page 238.)

THIS news was as agreeable as it was startling. Feodor gathered from it much hope, and his sensations of encouragement were augmented when Oserov announced an absolute intention to devote every energy to the release of his two noble friends.

While they were conversing, the approach of the different miners with boxes laden with ore occasionally interrupted them; but each time when one of the toiling exiles appeared at the end of the corridor with his burden, General Pojarsky withdrew to the gloom of the abandoned chamber or seemed to busy himself with an examination of its arched opening.

After some consideration, Feodor said:

"Paul Oserov, for my own life I care nothing, except as it can minister to my beloved son. I am a broken old man, rapidly descending the last hill of a tiresome journey; and I would willingly give my existence at this moment or bind myself to toil here until the grave shall open beneath my weary feet, if either course could free Vladimir.

"Is there no means," he continued, "of our making the pardon answer for my boy instead of myself? Come, my brave soldier, you have courage and a quick wit; can you not devise some means, however daring or even fatal on my part, which can make the substitution of Vladimir Pojarsky for Nicolaus Hulinski a possibility and a final success?"

Oserov shook his head. "We must not attempt too much," he answered, "or we shall lose all. Besides, what would it profit us? You know as I do that Lieutenant Pojarsky would never accept the sacrifice."

Sorrowing at the instant destruction of his chimerical plan, and yet exulting at this honest praise of his son, Feodor admitted the fact.

"Then," added Paul, "we must devise means for the escape of both. Without delay I will proceed to secure you a line through the old shaft. If you are released by imperial order, we two will never rest until your son is also free. If no favorable news concerning Hulinski's pardon is received before the expiration of my term of duty at this place, you must both manage to escape from the shaft, while I will be prepared to speed you away from this accursed spot."

"Let us watch our opportunity, then," answered the general, "and pray to heaven for Divine assistance."

A few moments later Vladimir was in possession of the news and his spirits rose with all their old-time buoyancy. Already he felt himself free, at St. Petersburg, in the presence of his princess—all his pains ended and his father by his side to bless and reward his beautiful Olga. But Feodor recalled these impulsive wanderings and reminded the youth how much they must dare, how many perils undergo, how many obstacles surmount, before they could be free. He even ventured to hint at the possibility of a total failure of their plans. Still Vladimir would not be greatly downcast; and as to a complete and final defeat of the project, he refused to entertain such an idea.

He said:

"No, my father, we shall not fail. What does the great Englishman make the greater Frenchman say to a faltering

page? 'There is not the word fail.' We will escape from this place of horrors. If we must avoid Russia, we will find some other land where you can safely dwell in the love of a gentle daughter and a reverent son."

By some means, without exciting any suspicion, Oserov obtained from the commander of the guards a detail to act as a sentry in the mine each alternate day during the remainder of his term. Indeed, it was a duty greatly shunned by most of the soldiers, and their selfishness prompted them to acquiesce and even greatly aid in the new arrangement. Each opportunity, in the ensuing days, he spoke cheering words to Feodor and Vladimir. Before a week was out he announced that he had examined the mouth of the abandoned shaft. It was in a better location than he had thought of hoping—situated in a little hollow around a bend of the hillside, it was at a considerable distance, and completely hidden from the guard-house. He had even done more than this: he had visited Bereзовsk and made acquaintance there which promised wonders: he doubted not, by the liberal use of money—all powerful in Russia as elsewhere—that he should soon be in possession of two long knotted ropes and such clothing as might be necessary for men who were to brave an escape from Siberia.

Despite all his eager energy, his caution compelled him to move slowly, and the second month of Vladimir's toilsome stay had expired, when Oserov said:

"All is ready. A strong beam crosses the mouth of the shaft and bears two heavy ropes, knotted and looped into easy spaces, and long enough to reach the bottom. Also there are clothes, some light and some furred, from which you can make such selection as the season of your escape shall require, to be exchanged for the tell-tale exile garb with which you could not travel a *verst* without capture. The covering of the mouth of the shaft, except the beam, you can remove with little effort. And now we only await the hour for deliverance—God speed the time!"

"I have to add," he said to Vladimir, "that I have spent more than half of the fortune you entrusted to my care. But," with a telling wink, "officers, governors, secretaries and even some merchants place a very high cash value upon their honesty and patriotism."

The day was closely approaching for Oserov's return to St. Petersburg, and nothing further had yet been heard concerning Hulinski's pardon. Only a week at last remained, and the three friends began to plan for a double escape. But one night the commander, with a good-nature quite unusual with him, said to Feodor:

"Nicolaus Hulinski, I have some good news for you. Some time since I sent a report concerning you, in answer to imperial request, and expected that it would soon bring a gracious pardon from the czar. But through some mischance, for which the careless courier has been disgraced, knouted and imprisoned, my report never reached St. Petersburg. A new demand has come for a repetition of the answer, and I have received most positive assurance that his most gracious majesty intends to pardon you and restore you once more to life and wealth, if he finds my report satisfactory. I would not tell you this news now only you look as if you needed something to drive brooding care from your face. Cheer up, man, a few months at most will see you away from the arsenic mine."

(To be Continued.)

To criminate and recriminate never yet was the road to reconciliation.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE Christianity of the present day, as believed in and practiced by many of the sects, is but little, if any, better than many forms of paganism. Originally, as taught by the Savior, Christianity was pure, divine truth, and contained every principle necessary for man's happiness and perfection. But the Lord Himself and His disciples were slain for teaching these truths. The world did not want them, and to check their growth they slew those who taught them. By degrees, much that was true in Christianity was changed; it was made to accommodate itself to popular views, until it became a corrupt system of idolatry. It retained the name of the Savior, but very few of the pure doctrines which He taught.

Reformers have arisen in various ages, who have seen many of its errors and failings, and have endeavored to correct them. Many of them, in their turn, were slain. To-day Christendom is divided into numberless sects, each one claiming that its doctrines are true and that its path is the best one, and that it leads to salvation.

The Old and the New Testaments have been preserved and come down to us in some degree of purity; though we are told in the Book of Mormon that "they have taken away from the gospel of the Lamb, many parts which are plain and most precious; and also many covenants of the Lord have they taken away. And all this have they done, that they might pervert the right ways of the Lord; that they might blind the eyes and harden the hearts of the children of men. Wherefore, thou seest that after the book has gone forth through the hands of the great and abominable church, that there are many plain and precious things taken away from the book, which is the book of the Lamb of God."

Notwithstanding these plain and precious parts have been taken from the Bible, there is still too much truth in these remaining sacred books for so-called Christians to believe. The chief difficulty the Latter-day Saints have to contend with is, that Christians, so-called, will not believe their own Bible. In this respect they are like other races and nations, whom they call pagans. The Parsees have their sacred book, the Hindus have theirs, the Buddhists have theirs, the Chinese have theirs, and the Mohammedans have theirs. Some of these books are of very great antiquity, and are the collection of the sayings and writings of wise men and sages who lived long ago. For some of these even inspiration from God is claimed.

The Parsees' sacred book is called the Zend-Avesta. It was commenced by Zoroaster, who is said to have lived twelve hundred years before the Savior, though the exact date cannot be ascertained. It is certain that he must have lived in very early times, because he and his religious reform are referred to in the Vedas, (the Hindu sacred book), whose great antiquity has been proven. His followers believed that God revealed to him that which he wrote, and that his writings are inspired. The book was completed about four hundred years

before Christ. Many of Zoroaster's writings were destroyed by Alexander the Great, when he conquered the Persian empire, and they were lost beyond recovery.

Mohammed wrote the Koran, and he professed to be a prophet of God, and his followers accept his writings as inspired.

We know by the revelations which God has given to us that our Bible was written by men who were His servants, and that it is a precious record, filled with heavenly truth. We also know that the Book of Mormon is a true record which has come to us in purity, having been translated by an inspired man under the direction of the Almighty. We also know that the revelations given to us as the Church of Jesus Christ, which are published in the book of Doctrine and Covenants, with many others that have been received since then, are also from God, and are pure truths.

But while we have this knowledge, we do not imagine that all the truth which God has ever revealed is contained in these books; neither do we imagine that the men who wrote the Bible and the Book of Mormon are the only ones in ancient days to whom He revealed truth. Many wise men were raised up, and though they did not have the Priesthood, the Lord gave them clear views of truth.

Zoroaster, if all accounts be true of him, was a great reformer, if he was not a prophet. Much pure truth was given to him; but his followers have departed from his teachings. So with the followers of the religious teachings of Chinese sages including Confucius.

There can be no doubt that Mohammed had much truth revealed to him, and he was raised up to do a great work; but his followers have departed in many directions from his teachings.

Buddah, also, was no doubt inspired of the Lord to teach many important principles, and his doctrines have had vast influence; but his followers, like the followers of other great reformers, have departed from the original truths which he taught.

In every nation men have been raised up and been called of the Lord to effect reforms among their fellow-men and to teach important truths. Many of the so-called Christians arrogantly believe that they have been favored above all the rest of the world. In some respects they have been; for they believe in Jesus as the Son of God, and they have His teachings in considerable purity. But other nations and races have not been forgotten by the Lord. They have had great truths taught to them; and in many instances they have profited by them. There have been millions of people, probably, whom the Christians call pagans, whose lives have been as acceptable to the true God as the lives of the same number of so-called Christians. The reason of this is plain; they lived up to the light which God had given them, and this is all that He could require of them.

The history of mankind surely proves that men require constant revelation from God to guide them. Books will not do it. However full of divine truth they may be, men will construe them differently and will depart from them.

The histories of Christians and Pagans alike illustrate this truth. No nation or people can walk in the true path without the living oracles to guide them. Wherever the true Priesthood of the Son of God is, and is maintained in its purity and power, there the living oracles are, and to them the Lord communicates His will, and they become guides to the people, if the latter will accept them.

(CONTENTMENT and happiness go hand in hand.)

AN ESQUIMAU WEDDING.

THE wedding ceremonies of the Esquimaux do seem rather rude to our eyes, but they nevertheless express the idea of faithfulness, which is the foundation of the marriage relation. Such ceremonies as are described in the following would not be inappropriate in some parts of this country, where divorces are easily obtained:

Shortly there entered in silence a cortege drawing a dog-sled, in which was seated the high priest of the tribe, and a more villainous-looking object I never beheld. He was stripped to the waist, and smeared with oil and coloring matter in stripes, which gave him the appearance of a Chinese joss; on his head was a *tura* of bears' claws, surmounted by an enormous polar bear's head.

On his shoulders were placed erect on end two large walrus tusks, fancifully decorated with stripes of red flannel, which had been obtained from the clothing of a drowned sailor washed ashore. The lower part of his body was covered with other skins, over which were spread a number of young seals, all alive and barking; in the right hand he held a spear, which he waved aloft in a theatrical manner, while with his left hand he motioned to the bride and groom to approach him.

The whole concourse arose, and, with shouts of gladness, capered around the priest's chariot. This he submitted to for a space of ten minutes, and then, imperiously waving his spear, commanded silence.

The groom was now directed to prostrate himself upon his back, and the bride directed to place her right foot upon his throat, which she did evidently with reluctance. While in this position, the priest instructed the groom that such was to be his fate, trodden under foot by men, should he ever prove untrue to his plighted troth.

He was then permitted to rise and directed to approach the old chief, who placed his spear at his breast, telling him it would be his doom should he prove untrue. He was next directed to his father, who, producing a piece of fishing-line, informed him that he would choke to death his offspring should he prove unfaithful.

Then, to cap the climax, he was directed to face the entire tribe, who, brandishing their spears, yelled at the top of their voices vengeance on him in the event of unfaithfulness. At this juncture, the groom, apparently overcome with emotion, dropped on the ground and, bowing his head, cried, "I will be true!" until raised to his feet by the bride.

OLD ENGLISH WORDS.—The vocabulary of the ignorant changes more slowly than that of the learned. Among the uncultivated, a number of obsolete words are now used which were such good English five hundred years ago that they were employed in the best literary style of those days. For instance, among the words used by Wiclif in his translation of the Bible, made in 1380, are "wrasle," for wrestle; "sich," for such; "axe," for ask; "susteren," for sisters, and "bretheren," for brethren.

The Irishman who "axes" a question little thinks that he is using a word that is found in Wiclif's Bible and Chaucer's poetry. Nor did Artemus Ward, and the like humorists, suspect that they were not original when they spoke and wrote of "susteren" and "bretheren."

NAPOLEON'S MEMORY.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS never lost a fact or date, but it was because he kept a diary. When we read how Napoleon remembered, we hardly wonder that his self-dependence and self-confidence amounted to arrogance sometimes. Powers like his justify unusual positiveness. An eastern paper says:

"The Emperor Napoleon was at Erfurt. A legion of kings and princes had come to humble their crowns before his recent royalty. At one of the soirees which he gave at this brilliant court, the conversation turned on an ancient pontifical bull, about the date of which there was some doubt. An Austrian prelate indicated a period which the emperor contested.

"I am better informed than your majesty on such subjects," said the prelate, "and I think I am certain of what I state."

"And for my part," said the emperor, "I do not say I believe; I say I am certain that you are deceived. Besides, the truth may be easily ascertained. Let such a work be brought, and if I am wrong I will hasten to acknowledge it."

"The book was brought. The emperor was right. The whole assembly were astonished at such an excellent memory on the part of one whose head was constantly occupied by a crowd of other subjects.

"When I was a lieutenant," said the emperor; these simple words—"When I was a lieutenant"—produced a singular effect on all present. All the representatives of the old monarchies looked at each other smiling.

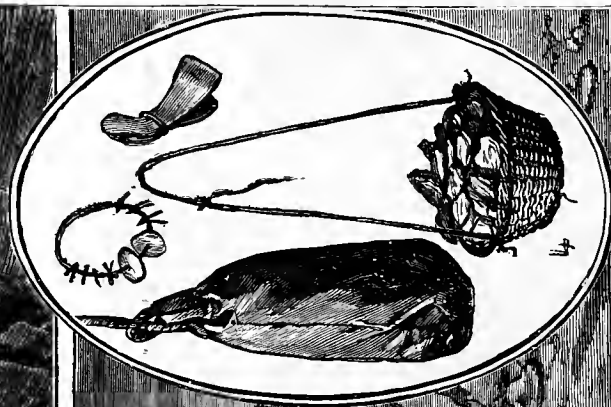
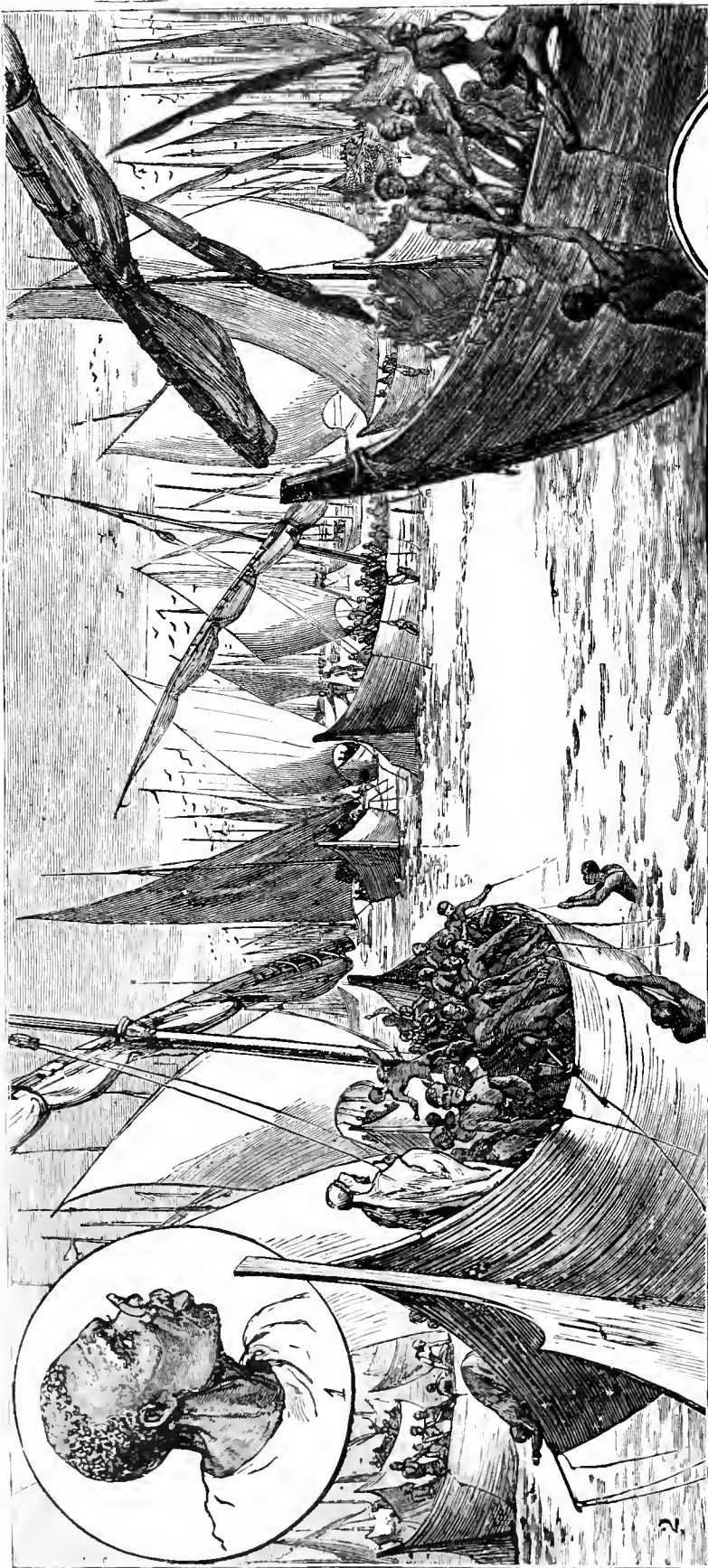
"When I had the honor to be a lieutenant of artillery," continued the emperor in a louder tone, "I remained two years in a garrison in a city of Dauphine, which had but a single circulating library. I read three times the whole collection, and not a word of what I read at that period ever escaped me. The title of the book which has just been brought figured on the list. I read it with the rest, and, as you have seen, I have not forgotten its contents."

SAGACITY OF ANTS.—When Dr. Franklin was in Paris, as he sat quietly and alone at his breakfast one morning, he saw a number of black ants busy with the contents of the sugar-bowl. He drove them away, but they returned. Again he dispersed them, but in a few minutes they were seen climbing from lump to lump, as if nothing had happened. To try their ingenuity, he had the sugar-bowl suspended by a string from the ceiling. They endeavored to reach it by standing on each other's backs; several mounted in that manner and reached upwards but in vain; the chain of ants fell down as fast as it was raised. After repeated attempts they went away, and he supposed they had given up the matter; but presently he saw them descending the string, and dropping down upon the lumps of sugar. They had scaled the walls, traversed the ceiling, and discovered another road to the treasure.

TRUTH and Happiness inhabit a palace, into which none can enter but humble, sincere and constant lovers.

UNGRACIOUSNESS in rendering a benefit, like a hoarse voice, mars the music of the song.

READING furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours.



PEARL FISHING IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

IN the last issue of the INSTRUCTOR was presented a pearl-fishing scene near the Aru Islands, with a description of how the business of gathering pearls was carried on by the natives of those islands. Herewith we give a view of the pearl-fishery in the Persian Gulf, with an explanation of the manner of obtaining the pearl-oyster from the bottom of the ocean.

The pearl banks lie from twenty to thirty miles north of Bahrein, the chief port on the southern shore of the gulf. Hundreds of boats are employed in the fishery. They differ in size, but are alike in build. They are very elegantly shaped, and are both fast and picturesque. These vessels are manned by mixed crews of Gulf Arabs, Sidi Arabs (that is, naturalized Africans of the Zanzibar type), and a sprinkling of Persians. The fishing season begins at the end of the "Barrah Shamal," or period of strong north westers, which blow furiously during July, August, and September, and continues for the rest of the year, a month or two of Winter excepted, when the thermometer sinks to freezing-point, and snow storms are not unknown. The Arabs can stand the suffocating heat of Summer, but do not care to face the Winter cold.

The irregular grouping of the graceful prows of the fishing-boats renders the scene on the "banks" very picturesque, and the effect is enhanced by the constant shifting of position of the less fortunate members of this enormous "Mosquito Fleet."

The work is carried on throughout the day actively and merrily by the swarthy pearl-hunters. They are free from responsibility, but undergo no small bodily risk. They are employed by contractors (Bunyahs), chiefly Hindoos, who are business-like calculating men. These Bunyahs, again, are under the control of the pearl-merchants, who buy the produce of the fishery wholesale.

From dawn to dusk the divers go down into the sea, at intervals of from ten to twenty minutes, staying from one and three-fourths to two and one-fourth minutes under water. Before immersion they pray devoutly to "Allah" for protection against their enemies, the ground-sharks. They also wear "charms" made of bone and amber, blessed by their priest, who, while they are under water, assumes a devotional attitude, and mutters a continuous and monotonous intoned prayer.

When the boats are laden with pearl-oysters, they sail for Bahrein. The cargo is piled up in heaps on the beach, and left to decompose under the broiling sun. After this the decayed portion separates easily from the pearls, which lie between the flesh and the shell. Then they are washed, sorted according to size and luster, and sold to the merchants. Disputes among the pearl-fishers often take place, and sometimes a British gun-boat has to intervene to prevent bloodshed.

The fishing apparatus consists of a strong line with heavy weight attached; a pair of *pince-nez*, something like a clothes-peg, which prevents the water passing through the nostrils during the diver's rapid descent feet foremost; a basket, into which the oysters are scooped with the right hand from the rocky or sandy bottom; and sometimes, but not often, a knife for self-defense. The left hand retains its hold of the line, which is never let go. The diver is hauled up by the attendants overhead, as, being laden with oysters, he cannot help himself. The divers are well-paid, found in the necessities of life; and have constant employment.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Clarence C. Hearsey, H. M. Indian Marine.

The figure in the left-hand upper corner of the engraving on the opposite page is that of a Sidi-Arab Diver, with a pair of *pince nez* on his nose. The scene below, numbered "2" is the "Mosquito Fleet" at anchor; No. 3 shows the divers at work below; and No. 4 represents the apparatus used by the divers.

PECULIARITIES OF AUTHORS.

GOETHE abominated smoking, though he was a German. Bayard Taylor says that he tolerated the use of the pipe by Schiller and his sovereign, Carl August, but otherwise was very severe in denouncing it. Goethe himself somewhere says that "with tobacco, garlic, bed-bugs and hypocrites he should wage perpetual war."

Authors vary in their methods of composition. Hawthorne made innumerable notes of every fitting, quaint fancy, strange anecdotes, or eccentric person. These notes he afterwards worked up into his stories. Several distinguished American writers have the habit of jotting a sentence, or a line or two here and there, upon a long page, and then filling up the outline thus made with persistent revision.

Wordsworth used to compose aloud while walking in the fields and woods. Sometimes he would use a slate-pencil and the smooth side of a rock to jot down his lines. Walter Scott worked fasting from five in the morning till about ten. He clung to his home and library, neatly arranged, where he could find any volume at a moment's warning. Lord Jeffrey used conversation to stimulate his mind to write a new article.

Professor Wilson, jotted down in a large ledger "skeletons," from which, when he desired an article, he would select one and clothe it with muscle and nerve. He was a very rapid writer and composer, but would work only when he liked.

Mrs Lewes, "George Eliot," incubates for two or three years before she writes a book, reading up her subject in scores and scores of volumes. She is one of the masters, so-called, of all learning, talking with scholars and men of science on terms of equality.

CAN YOU MEMORIZE THIS?—Generally the degree of ease with which sentences are memorized depends upon the clearness and intimacy of the ideas which they present. Some persons have such a memory for details that they can repeat a long column of figures or a catalogue of names, but most memories require association of ideas to aid them.

Macklin was once lecturing upon literature and the stage, and in discussing the education of memory, boasted that he could repeat any formula of words after once hearing it. Foote was in the audience, and at once wrote and sent to the stand that rignmarole that has since grown so famous:

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple-pie; at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Pincinnies, the Jobolillies, and the Gay-rulies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at the top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out of their boots."

Macklin failed, and so has everybody else that ever tried to repeat it. Suppose you try.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

PROFESSOR JULIUS H. SEELYE has an article in *The Forum* under the heading "Should the State Teach Religion?"

The professor was a member of Congress some years ago, and is now the president of the Amherst College. He is a clear thinker and possesses the courage of his convictions. He takes the ground that the State should teach religion. He quotes statistics to sustain his views. The insane in our population in 1850, he says, was one to 1,486; in 1860 it was one to 1,306; in 1870 it was one to 1,030; and in 1880 it was one to 549; that is, the ratio of the insane in our population has nearly trebled in thirty years.

Again, the ratio of idiotic persons in 1850 was one to 1,469; in 1880 it was one to 656.

In 1850 one out of every 2,365 of our population was a deaf-mute; but in 1880 the proportion was one out of 1,197.

In 1850 one out of 2,367 was blind; but in 1880 they had increased until there was one blind out of 1,033.

These statistics show a frightful increase in insanity and these other dreadful afflictions, and while it may be admitted that the census reports from which these statistics have been obtained have not always been completely accurate, these differences are not wholly due to them. It seems that the increase of insanity during the past century has been steady, large and universal in the civilized world, and has kept pace with the growth of what is called civilization.

In England and Wales the idiotic and insane have also very high doubled in the last twenty years. Professor Seelye shows that there is a larger proportion of the insane among the educated nations of Europe than among the races which have but little or no education. As to crime, and vice, and pauperism, and divorce, and illegitimacy, and vagrancy, and suicide, they are on the increase, he says, in our best-educated States.

The fiercest war now being waged against the two institutions of property and family, is being waged, he says, in the cities and States most conspicuous for their culture. The leaders in this war, who are aiming their weapons most relentlessly at the heart of society, are the choice products of the universities of the land.

He argues from these facts that the education to which the nation is giving such prodigious energy does not destroy or diminish the real perils of society, but suffers them to increase enormously; that the destruction of the people does not hinge upon their illiteracy, but upon their immorality; and that it is not their knowledge, but their virtue, which will save them. He asserts that a false religion will be found more conducive to virtue than no religion; and that an atheistic people, a people without religion, if such could be, could not have even virtue enough to maintain themselves as a people. He considers that the religious instruction of a people is indispensable to their very existence. Therefore, he contends the State ought to provide for the religious instruction of its population on the same grounds that it provides for any other instruction. He asks:

"Why does the State teach grammar, arithmetic, geography? Of course, only to make better citizens. But a better grammarian, a better arithmetician, a better geographer is not, as such, a better citizen. * * * He is the

better citizen only as he is the better man, and he is the better man only as he is the more loyal to truth and duty; in other words, only as he is the more obedient to God."

He admits there is a grave question of statesmanship as to what kind of religion the State should employ, and how far it should carry religious instruction in its schools; but, he says, the greatest mistake any government is likely to commit respecting religious instruction is to have none. "Any faith for a people is better than no faith." He asks:

"Why should not the life of Jesus Christ enter into all our processes of education? Is there any reason why we should teach the life of Julius Caesar in our schools, and should not teach the life of Jesus Christ? Which is the grandest character of the two? Which is the more potent factor in the history of the world? * * * Why, then, should not Christ's history be taught, not simply in Christian families and the Christian church, but in unchristian families in the unchristian world as well? Why should not a wise statesman, who sees what the story of His life has actually done in dispelling darkness, in relieving sorrow, in removing sin, take advantage of it, and use it in the largest measure? * * * The life of Jesus is, to say the least, no less authentically recorded for us than the life of Julius Caesar."

He concludes the article by saying that the State, for its own preservation, should provide for instruction in the four gospels of the New Testament.

While I may differ from Professor Seelye upon points of doctrine, I most heartily agree with him in many of his views and conclusions contained in this article.

Professor Seelye makes broad admissions when he says that "a false religion will be found more conducive to virtue than no religion," and that "any faith for a people is better than no faith;" yet the history of the world furnishes evidence of the correctness of the statements. All Christians declare that the Shintoism and Buddhism of Japan are false religions. They have, however, been strictly enforced and have been universally lived up to by the people; and with what results? Notwithstanding the wars and convulsions which have occurred, the reigning dynasty of Japan is the oldest in the known world; the present emperor being the one hundred and twenty-third mikado of Japan. The same may be said respecting China, whose religions are idolatrous, but whose existence as a nation dates back to upwards of two thousand years before the birth of our Savior. With their false religions, these nations have possessed great virtues.

There is no good reason why the biographies and writings of pagan philosophers should be admitted into our schools, while the life, teachings and works of the Son of God are denied admission there. As our schools are now managed, the infidel has every advantage. Infidelity is almost sure to follow the use of many of the text books. The books which are opposed to true religion and to imparting a true knowledge of all that is holiest, best and most valuable for men to know are rigidly excluded from the school-room. This is wrong. No people in the world ought to have a deeper interest than we, Latter-day Saints, in the question as to whether religion should be taught in the school-room. Our very existence is wholly dependent upon our religion. The most deadly blow that could be struck at our organization would be to deprive our children of instruction in our religion. The prosperity and permanency of our society depends upon the thorough instruction of the rising generation in its principles.

I have the best of reasons for placing a high estimate upon education. My life has been such as to impress me with its

value. But I never did believe in secular education alone. Divested of religious teaching and it is nearly, if not quite, as dangerous to society and the State as ignorance itself. The increase of crime in the States where education receives the greatest attention is a proof of this. To make education perfect there must be a training and development of man's spiritual nature. To train and sharpen the intellect, and leave man's moral nature untouched, is only partial education, and is dangerous in its results.

We have a religion which is a great power in uplifting and educating men and women. When obeyed by ignorant and illiterate people it effects a great change in their condition. Hundreds and thousands of instances are known among our people of men and women who could scarcely read the Bible being able to meet and overthrow in argument well-educated and learned men. The out-pouring of the Holy Ghost upon the people enlarges their minds, quickens their understandings and strengthens their memories. Those who receive it are frequently surprised at witnessing its effects upon themselves, while their acquaintances are compelled to admit the change and improvement there is wrought in them.

Now, this is a potent factor in the education of our children. Under the influence of the Holy Spirit children can make wonderfully rapid progress in the comprehension of all truth, and there is no science that cannot be greatly simplified under its influence.

As we are now, five days in the week are devoted to secular education; if the children go to Sunday school, a part of one day is devoted to religious instruction. This is not as it should be. A portion of every day, while the children are in school, should be spent in teaching them the principles and duties of their religion.

I shall never be satisfied in my feeling until this shall be the practice throughout our land.

SIXTY YEARS WITHOUT MEAT.—A very sufficient reason for letting alone any particular kind of food is that you don't want it. Persons that never ate meat, because of a constitutional dislike to it, are good advertisements for the "vegetarians," but not examples of abstinence.

There is said to be now living, one-half mile south of Homestead, Penn., an old farmer by the name of Abraham Blatt, who is about sixty years of age, is healthy, robust, and as strong as a horse, who has never in his lifetime tasted the least bit of meat of any kind. He says he never tasted beef, pork, mutton or veal, eats no kind of poultry, no kind of fish, no kind of game, in fact, nothing pertaining to meat. He has such an abhorrence of meat that when they kill a cow or hog on his premises, he generally leaves home and goes about other business. He is the father of a large family, all healthy children. Among them is also one boy, who, like his father, eats no meat of any kind. In reply to the questions put to the father, how he could work so hard without eating any meat, he says he believes he is much healthier than if he ate meat. He uses very little butter.

PERSEVERING OBEDIENCE.—He only who endures to the end shall be saved. Of no avail will it be to have entered on the way of righteousness, if we turn from it. The rewards of heaven are not secured to any individual by an immutable decree. Through the mercy of God and the merits of a Savior, they are conferred only on those who do His commandments, and when we cease to do His commandments, we forfeit our title to these rewards.

TO A CHILD.

BY A. J. CROCHERON.

AMY, dear child, of all thy friends
Prize first and best thy mother;
Her love for thee would still live on
Though changed were every other.
Thy youthful mind not now can judge
Its depth, and worth, and beauty;
Life's lessons and life's years alone
Can teach thy debt and duty.

Then follow where her counsels lead—
True mothers ne'er guide wrongly—
Gather her teachings to thy heart
And therein bind them strongly.
And let thy father's memory,
With hers, light thine ambition,
To fill in like integrity
Life's every worthy mission.

The friendships that we prize to-day
Are but as beacons, leading
To sweeter years and holier love,
If we God's words are heeding.
Shouldst thou e'er search in memory's hour
Earth's truest friends—no others—
Thy lone heart may be sure of these:
Thy father's and thy mother's.

DIVERSITY OF COLOR IN THE SEA.—The waters of the sea, in different places and at different times, present almost every hue of the rainbow. Apart from the influence of the condition of the atmosphere on the light reflected by the ocean, there are seas which always present one shade of unusual color. Thus there are the Yellow Sea of China, the Vermillion Sea of California, the Red Sea, the Black Sea, etc. The hue of the last-named is attributed to the frequent storms which agitate its surface, and the quantity of earthy matter brought into its bosom by the Danube and other rivers. But the tinge of the Red and other colored seas is due to the presence of myriads of animalcules, while to the same cause is ascribed the "white water" of the Pacific Ocean, which extends between twenty and thirty miles, about lat. 8 deg. 40 min. S., and long. 105 deg. 30 min. E. The brilliant phosphorescence of the sea has also its source in minute organic life. Admiral Smyth remarks, as an instance of the variation of color in adjacent waters, that the usual tint of the Mediterranean, when undisturbed by accidental or local causes, is a bright and deep blue; but in the Adriatic green tinge is prevalent, and in the Levant basin it borders on purple. Seamen generally admit one conclusion with regard to color—that a green hue is a general indication of soundings, and indigo-blue a token of profound depth.

The great end of religion is to make us like God, and conduct us to the enjoyment of Him. Whatever is called religious knowledge, if it does not direct us in the way to this end, is not religious knowledge, but something else falsely so called.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 222.)

THE Prophet Joseph Smith says: "There is no fundamental principle belonging to a human system that ever goes into another in this world or in the world to come. I care not what the theories of men are. We have the testimony that God will raise us up, and He has the power to do it. If any suppose that any part of our bodies, that is, the fundamental parts thereof, ever goes into another body he is mistaken."

There can be no question but the author of these words uttered one scientific truth, at least, when he enunciated this doctrine. He most emphatically divides the material composing our bodies into two kinds; that is, the fundamental or essential, and the non-essential. This distinction is exactly the same as that which obtains with scientific physiologists, who affirm that one portion of our physical system is living, and the other is dead or effete; the respective quantities being vastly disproportionate in favor of the non-essential kind.

Having found one peculiar agreement between the teachings of science and those of the Prophet, we may rationally expect to find others also; and such is the fact. We infer from the language of the foregoing quotation that the non-fundamental portions of a dead corporiety may be absorbed and assimilated by another living organism. Enough dead and effete substance is found in all animal organisms to supply the whole demand of our food wants.

The quantity of new material, of an animal nature, which is daily actually assimilated with our physical structure is surprisingly small. By a previous calculation we found that seven and one-half pounds of new animal substance supplies the needs of average men for seven years. Seven years of 365 days each equal 2,555 days. If we eat three meals every day, then in that time we have consumed 7,665 meals; and, distributing the seven and one-half pounds as an equal average among them, we find our dinner will furnish us with the one thousand and twenty-second part of a pound of animal substance which has really been made an integral part of our system. This quantity is almost exactly equal to the one-fourth part of a dram, avoirdupois weight. Should any one be curious to know what amount of solid substance will weigh one-fourth of a dram, some chemist may, perhaps, gratify the desire.

Now, if one-fifth part of our food is flesh, such diet must supply us at each meal with the one-twentieth part of a dram. How much do we eat? If we say one pound of meat each day, then that quantity gives one third of a pound for each and every meal. Nine-tenths of the flesh is water, so there is left but the one-tenth of one-third; that is, the one-thirtieth of a pound that is animal substance. Only one-half of this is essential or fundamental, the other half being effete matter; the one-half of one-thirtieth is one-sixtieth; that is, in the one-third of a pound of flesh which has been eaten there is one-sixtieth of a pound of non-fundamental animal substance, and this fraction of a pound equals four and one fourth drams and a little over.

By comparing the amount of food assimilated with the amount of effete matter offered for absorption, we discover our organs actually accept but one part in eighty-five. This

means, in plain English, that we could assimilate eighty-five times more animal food than we do without necessitating the absorption of a single fundamental particle of its essential animal substance.

If we eat but the one-sixth of a pound of flesh at each meal, and this quantity still supplies one-fifth of our food, there is yet but one part in forty-two and a half of the effete matter that our natures require for their sustenance.

These are the facts respecting the eating of brute flesh, and of course they will hold true in instances of cannibalism. There is, then, no absolute necessity why the fundamental parts of flesh that is eaten must be taken into and incorporated with another body.

Some may think the estimate of food actually assimilated by our organism daily, or at each meal, is entirely too low; and it might appear that several ounces, at least, are required. But if, instead of the small quantity estimated, we say three ounces per day are necessary, then, since in adult forms of animals, waste and supply are equal, our whole physical organism must change once in every forty days. Were this a fact, infidelity might well abandon any attempt to overthrow the resurrection doctrine upon physiological grounds.

The figures given are based upon scientific data and any material change in them will necessitate the adoption of a new scientific theory of physiology.

It is admitted that such a small quantity of newly-assimilated solid substance does not seem adequate as a base for the great strength that is manifested by an adult human organism. But no means are at hand to determine just how much latent power resides in matter. All we know is that it is very great. Water is converted into steam, and the power exhibited by it in that condition is wonderful; but if the steam be superheated, it takes on almost supernatural and uncontrollable power. These facts show us that if we knew how to arouse to the fullest extent all the latent power resident in water we might, perhaps, obtain from a thimblefull as much as we now secure from hundreds, or even thousands of gallons.

Thus nature in her wonderful laboratory may cause a very small amount of food to manifest all the power observable in the strongest adult forms of human life.

But another weighty fact must be considered, viz: Digestion, absorption and assimilation are not essentially necessary to communicate the latent power of matter to the particles of our bodies. A person who is extremely exhausted from hunger will feel revived the moment almost that food enters his mouth; and the thrilling impulse of the communicated power affects the remotest part of his organism. All this transpires before sufficient time has elapsed for assimilation to occur. Water, also, which is not generally regarded as food, in the proper sense of the term, will impart fresh energy to our bodies when we are extremely exhausted by merely touching it to our lips. How such results are obtained if some of the latent power of food substance be not communicated by contact simply, we cannot conjecture. Indeed, physiological facts indicate that assimilation of food material is required merely to supply the place of the cast off or effete particles of our bodies; while our strength is derived from the decomposition of nutrient matter, by which process its latent power is set free and stored in our bodies and thus prepared to meet our drafts at sight. Could this force not be thus stored our bodies would be useless the moment the process of digestion, etc., ceases temporarily, which is very often the case.

It will be perceived, then, why there is no physical necessity that more food substance should be assimilated than sufficient

to equal waste. This truth applies to adult forms only; not to growing ones.

(To be Continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 231.)

ON the 5th of May, I went with a couple of brethren to hunt some timber suitable for making pack-saddles to be used on our trip for home. Not finding any, we went to the bay in search of clams to roast. Here we found the skeleton of a whale, said to have been a small one: the ribs were nine feet long and nearly a foot wide. The joints of the backbone we broke asunder and carried two of them to our fort to use for seats. They were bleached nice and white and were very light. While stationed at San Diego the boys were permitted to take jobs and work for the citizens.

On the 10th of May, I went with some of our men about six or eight miles out into the country to cut cord wood for burning bricks. We were paid two dollars per cord.

On the 11th, Brother Albert Dunham was buried. The doctor said he died with an ulcer on the brain. He was a good man and respected by all.

On Sunday, May 23rd, our fort was visited by a party of Spanish ladies and gentlemen. They were well dressed and fair, and pronounced by our boys to be very handsome. The Spanish ladies dress in silks and satins. About this time the boys began to purchase wild horses and mules and break them to the saddle. The prices for the horses were from three to seven dollars; and wild mules were bought for from nine to fifteen dollars each.

On the 14th of June, news reached us that General Taylor had subdued Santa Anna, whereon we gave the general a cheer of twenty cannon shots.

On the 24th of June, Lieutenant Robert Clift of our company was appointed *alcalde* (justice of the peace) for San Diego.

Sunday, July 4th, at daylight, five pieces of artillery were fired from our fort to welcome in the birthday of American Independence, after which we marched in order down into town and gave our officers a hearty salute of musketry, also cheering the whole town. This seemed to take so well with the citizens that they brought out all the wine and brandy the boys wanted and a great deal more.

Orders were now given for Company B to be ready to march in four days for Los Angeles, there to be discharged with the rest of the battalion on the 16th. This to us was good news. The citizens of San Diego now began to plead to have us re-enlist, saying they did not want us to leave, for they did not want the dragoons nor the marines stationed there. The "Mormons" were more peaceful and attended to their own business; they were industrious and had greatly improved their town, etc. One of their leading men said that when he heard the "Mormons" were coming he was inclined to take his family and leave, for he had been told we were a very bad people; that we would steal anything we could lay our hands on, and that their women would be in great danger when out alone. He had been surprized to learn the contrary.

On the 8th of July, our brick masons finished laying up a brick building to be used as a court-house and for schools.

Brothers Philander Colton, Henry Wilcox, Rufus Stoddard and William Garner made forty thousand bricks for Mr. Bandena, a Spanish gentleman. They paved some of their yards and walks. We dug a number of wells (before our coming they had none) and walled them up with brick. Brother Sidney Willis made log pumps and put into some of their wells; and our carpenters did considerable fixing up and finishing rooms in their dwellings.

On the 9th of July, we left for Los Angeles, where we arrived on the 15th; and on the 16th the battalion was discharged from service. I felt happy and thanked God I was free; and I was not alone in these feelings. From some cause we were not paid off until the 19th of July. All this time Uncle Sam's representatives were seeking volunteers, urging the men to re-enlist. One company from our ranks entered the service for six months and was sent to San Diego under Captain Daniel Davis.

On the evening of the 20th, all those who were for going home met together and appointed Elisha Everett and nine or ten others to act as pioneers by going ahead and selecting the way we should travel. The next morning, Captain Everett and company (myself one of the number) set forward, leaving the main camp to complete their organization, which was to be in companies of hundreds, fifties and tens. Our course was now up the Los Angeles River, in a northerly direction. At noon we halted and camped for the balance of the day and night. We felt like birds let out of a cage, it being just one year since we took up our line of march at Council Bluffs.

The next day we passed over twelve miles of very sandy plain. Reaching General Pico's ranch, we bought some fine pears and also took a little wine for our stomachs' sake. Proceeding a few miles farther we camped where we had excellent feed and good water. Mr. Pico visited our little camp. He was affable, good natured as well as good looking. He was a fine specimen of humanity, well dressed, wearing a red silk sash around his body. He bore in his hand a lance and showed us how it was used, manœuvring it as if in action with an enemy.

By the 27th, all hands were up, when it was agreed to purchase cattle to drive along to kill for beef; and, accordingly, forty-five head were bought at the Francisco Ranch (fine, fat three-year-olds) for six dollars per head, amounting to \$270.

On the 28th, we broke camp, driving our cattle before us. We found them to be very wild and hard to drive. They would charge at us and our horses or mules, as the case might be; and in crossing a mountain densely covered with underbrush we lost fifteen head. The next day we lost three, and on the 30th of July concluded to stop and kill what was left and save our beef before losing any more. Wood for fires was plentiful. Crotches were cut and drove into the ground, upon which scaffolds were made, when the meat was cut up in thin slices and laid on them and nicely jerked.

The next morning the pioneers set forward, leaving the camp to complete the drying business and then to follow on our trail. That evening we camped in a canyon, where we found cut on a tree near our camp the name:

"Peter LeBeck, killed by a bear, Oct. 17th, 1837."

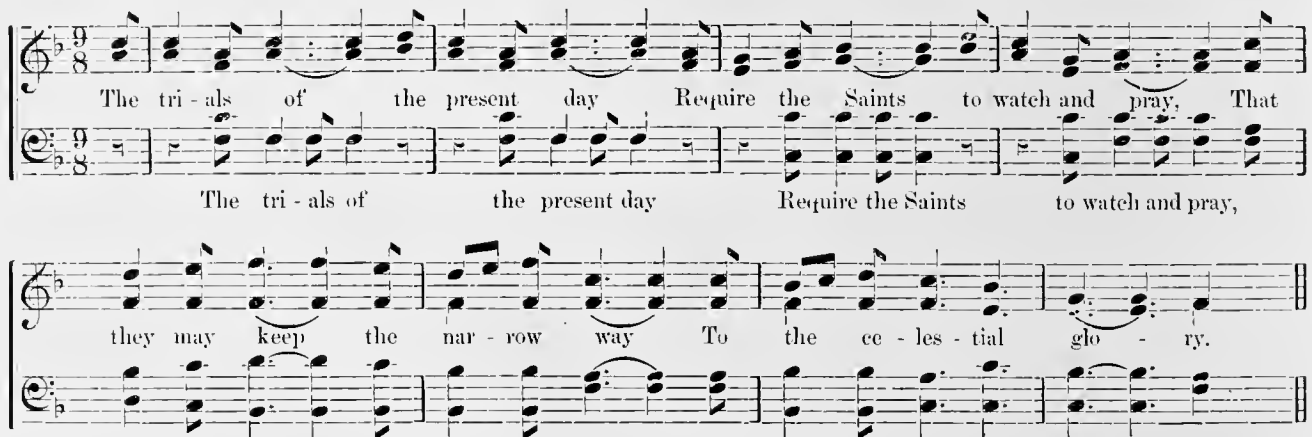
Poor man! I felt sorry for him; this called to my mind the day when the dead would be baptized for by their friends; and for this purpose I made a note of his death in my journal. Near by was the skull and bleached bones of a grizzly bear.

(To be Continued.)

THE TRIALS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

WORDS BY E. R. SNOW.

MUSIC BY T. C. GRIGGS.



For even Saints may turn aside,
For fear of ills that may betide.
Or else induced by worldly pride,
And lose celestial glory.

O'er rugged cliffs and mountains high,
Through sunless vales the path may lie,
Our faith and confidence to try,
In the celestial glory.

Fear not, though life should be at stake,
But think how Jesus for our sake
Endured, that we might yet partake
Of the celestial glory.

We here may sometimes suffer wrong,
But when we join with Enoch's throng
We'll loudly echo victory's song
In the celestial glory.

What though by some who seem devout,
Our names as evil are cast out,
If honor clothe us round about
In the celestial glory!

Be steadfast, and with courage hold
The key of God's eternal mould,
That will the mysteries unfold,
Of the celestial glory.

O let your hearts and hands be pure,
And faithful to the end endure,
That yon the blessing may secure
Of the celestial glory.

Then let the times and seasons fly,
And bring the glorious period nigh
When Zion will be raised on high
In the celestial glory.

KINGS AT TABLE.

REPUBLICANS are not supposed to be friendly to kings, yet they are sufficiently curious to learn all that they may about their habits of life. The *Home Journal* pleasantly gossips about the appetite of several kings. Of Frederick the Great, quoting from Mirabeau, who was at Berlin shortly before the monarch's death, it says:

"The king eats every day of ten or twelve dishes at dinner, each very highly seasoned, beside, at breakfast and supper, bread and butter, covered with salted tongue and pepper.

"On the Fourth of July, when the doctor"—the celebrated Zimmermann, from Hanover—"saw the king in the afternoon, a'l had changed for the worse. He had applied himself to public business from half-past three in the morning till seven. He then ate for his breakfast a plate of sweetmeats, composed of sugar, white of eggs, and sour cream; then strawberries, cherries, and cold meat." Frederick's illness was dropsy. He died on the seventeenth of August, 1786"

William III, the savior of our liberties, both ate and drank more than was good for him. He loved to sit many hours at table; indeed, dinner was his chief recreation. Nothing must interfere with his enjoyment; the Princess Anne might look wistfully at that dish of young peas, but she looked in vain,

for the king ate them all, and never even offered her a spoonful. She revenged herself by calling the deliverer "Caliban,"

Among other sovereigns, we find the great Napoleon a voracious eater. Some one has attributed the loss of the battle of Leipsic to the effects of a shoulder of mutton, stuffed with onions, with which the emperor literally gorged himself, so as to become incapable of clear-minded and vigorous action. He ate very fast. The state banquets at the Tuileries lasted about thirty-five minutes.

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